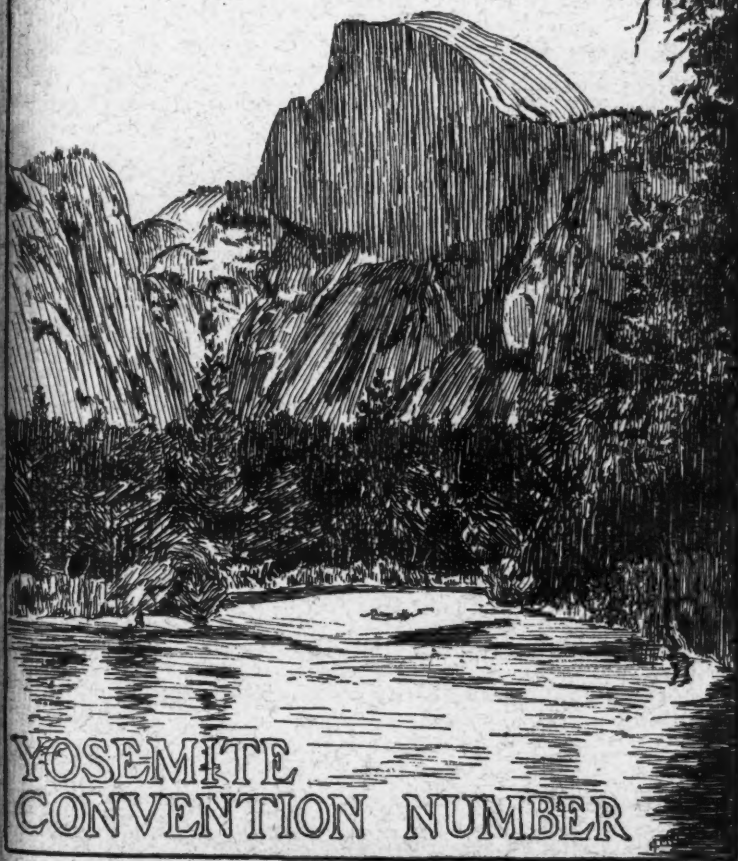


Vol. V.

No. 8.

# SIERRA EDUCATIONAL NEWS



YOSEMITE  
CONVENTION NUMBER

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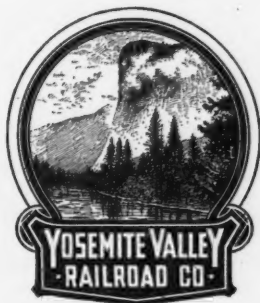
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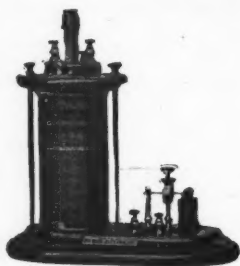
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# Contents

SEPTEMBER, 1909

---

	PAGE
Frontispiece .....	6
Editorial Comment .....	7
An Opening Sentiment—Chas. N. Shane .....	13
Yosemite Impressions—Will C. Wood .....	15
Yosemite—Poem—Jeptha B. Ginn .....	24
In the Twilight—Poem—Raymond Sumner Bartlett .....	25
The Convention at Yosemite—L. E. Armstrong .....	27
A Yosemite Idyl—Charles Coke Woods .....	34
The Voice of the Nest—Poem—Lilian E. Talbert .....	36
Report of the Committee on N. E. A. ....	36
The Coming C. T. A. Meeting—E. Morris Cox .....	38
Resolutions of the Yosemite Convention .....	40
Legend of To-Tau-Kon-Nu-La and Tis-Sa-Ack—Galen Clark .....	43
Personal Notes of the Convention—O. B. Joyful .....	46
Gleanings—	
Elementary and High Schools .....	50
State Normal Schools .....	53
Universities of the State .....	53
Outside the State .....	55
Directory of the Superintendents of California .....	57



Here grand old El Capitan rears his granite head 3,300 feet into the clouds

# SIERRA EDUCATIONAL NEWS

## AND BOOK REVIEW

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Vol. V.

SEPTEMBER, 1909

No. 8.

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Published by the California Teachers' Association

at  
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L. E. ARMSTRONG . . . . . Editor and Manager

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## Editorial Comment

L. E. ARMSTRONG

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### A YOSEMITE CONVENTION NUMBER

We believe that the teachers of California would like to know what their superintendents did at Yosemite. Very few of the teachers of the State ever have an opportunity of attending these conventions of the superintendents. They have no acquaintance at first hand with these great institutes, composed entirely of the supervisory force of the State. But they have a healthy interest in the doings of their official counselors, the superintendents. The teachers are more than ready to experience a thrill of pride when their superintendent says or does something worth while at these conventions. The teachers *are* interested in the doings of their superintendents. This number will endeavor to satisfy this legitimate interest as far as our limited space will permit.

---

### A DOUBLE PURPOSE

Besides the portrayal of the convention by means of editorial comments, articles by different superintendents, personal notes and a picture of the superintendents (with Yosemite Falls in the background), we have another equally important end in view. We want to give the teachers



and the children of California a more adequate notion of the beauty and the grandeur of Yosemite Valley, the greatest wonderland of the West. To accomplish this end, we believe that pictures are better than words. So we have not spared expense in sending forth this beautifully illustrated number. We have tried to make it worthy of its subject, and thus worthy of being preserved.

---

### PLAN A TRIP TO YOSEMITE

But Yosemite must be seen to be appreciated. Every Californian owes it to himself to visit his own wonderland. We hope that many teachers will plan to spend their next vacation in the Valley. The service at the different camps is good, and the rates are very reasonable. Or, if they prefer, a camping party may rent a tent completely furnished, purchase their own supplies and spend a month for little more than their expenses would be at home.

For the lovers of snow, a trip into the Valley in winter is a delightful experience. Before the railroad was built to the Park line, Yosemite had a short staging season of three or four months in summer. Now the road is open the year around, and every season offers its peculiar attractions. Yosemite in winter is declared by many to be more rarely beautiful than in summer. The pleasures of sleigh-riding, tobogganing and skating on Mirror Lake help to attract many winter visitors.

---

### SCHOOL VISITATION

The recommendation of the Yosemite convention that a law be passed establishing a deputy superintendency in every county having sixty or more teachers is extremely conservative. It is one short step in the right direction. When we consider the limitations under which the average county superintendent works as compared with the average city superintendent, we must doff our hats to the former for the real good that he accomplishes. In the city there are weekly or fortnightly meetings of the principals, under the direction of the superintendent; there are regular grade meetings at frequent intervals; the principals have stated

teachers' meetings and daily conferences with their teachers. In the country the superintendent does well to spend two half-days with each teacher during the entire year!

There is need of more supervision for rural schools. It has long been regarded as an economic law that six men under the direction of a seventh will accomplish more work than will the seven without supervision. In city schools we are tending to regard sixteen teachers as a maximum number for a principal to handle with the highest degree of efficiency. If the supervisory force of the rural sections of the State could be multiplied by four, it would not more than equalize the rural and the urban schools in the matter of efficient supervision. The child in the country has a right to an education fully equal in every respect to that given his cousin in the city.

---

### MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING

Some of the daily papers of California have recently been greatly exercised over the alleged unfairness of the California Supplement of the New Advanced Geography. Certain cities have urged that the first edition, just off the press, be recalled and the Supplement be rewritten. These critics claim that certain cities and sections have not received treatment commensurate with their commercial dignity and importance. They assert with the utmost seriousness that grave injustice has been done.

We fail to find this alleged injustice. A careful examination of the Supplement reveals a fine piece of work. The text is interesting, well-balanced, and splendidly illustrated. The different sections and industries have been handled in a spirit of intelligent fairness. A few minor errors—errors which can easily be rectified in subsequent editions—may have crept in. When the space limitation of the Supplement—one hundred pages—is taken into consideration, the result is surprisingly good. The State Text Book Committee was aware of the difficulties in the way of presenting an adequate treatment of the geography of California in one hundred pages. In a Note to the Teacher, on page 546, we find these words: "After going over this Supplement, it will be found that many important interests and localities have been treated

slightly, or perhaps not even touched at all. This is unavoidable in covering such a large and varied subject in so few pages. Let no one waste time or energy in pointing out omissions or weaknesses; rather let the teacher use common sense and enterprise in getting together supplemental material for rounding out and strengthening the bare bones of the outline wherever necessary."

The teachers are not complaining, nor do we believe that they will. The Supplement meets an educational need in a satisfactory way. The real complaint comes from real estate boomers. Our textbooks are not intended primarily to exploit real estate values. If the State Text Book Committee should commit the folly of acceding to the present demands, the chamber of commerce of every town in California would wax insistent upon "proper representation." The result may easily be imagined. By all means, correct all errors and oversights, but do not let our geography texts be made the arena of rival realty promoters.

---

### A REMARKABLE MAN

That the truest wealth of a State rests in the character of its citizens, rather than in material prosperity, is well exemplified in the life and character of Galen Clark of Yosemite Valley. A patriarch ninety-six years of age, this fine old man has spent more than half a century in the Valley. He was for many years the official "Guardian of the Valley," and as a courtesy this title is still richly his. He knows and loves every foot of our wonderland. In a clear, connected manner he told the Convention of Superintendents the various geological theories as to the formation of the Valley, the history of the Indians of the Valley, with many of his own experiences there. His talk was the feature of the convention. The superintendents showed their appreciation of the character and kindness of this benign old man by unanimously adopting a resolution of respect drawn by Superintendent R. L. Stockton of Kern county. We are glad to reproduce an engrossed copy of this resolution as our tribute of veneration.

Mr. Clark is an author of considerable ability. He has written two books, "The Indians of Yosemite Valley" and "The Big Trees of

California." With his kind permission, we have reprinted in this issue a pleasing legend of Yosemite, taken from the first-named book. The easy style and graceful imagination shown in this legend prove that Mr. Clark's heart is still young. A clean life, pure thoughts, right actions, generous impulses have ever renewed his youth. May he live long beyond the century mark, for he is as truly worthy of Yosemite as El Capitan himself.

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### A PUZZLING COURSE

The discussion at Yosemite of the proposed texts in reading brought out some interesting things. At the June meeting of the State Board of Education the members were unable to reach a decision, but by a process of elimination three series only were reserved for further consideration, viz.: Baker and Carpenter, Aldine and Child Life. These were re-referred to the committee of critics. At the subsequent meeting of the State Board in San Francisco in August, the reports of the critics were received. Again no series received the support of a majority of the critics. After an informal discussion, the entire matter was referred to the Text Book Committee with instructions to report as soon as practicable.

At the Yosemite meeting Superintendent Hyatt threw open the subject for discussion. He stated that as the critic readers had not pointed the way to a choice and that as the members of the State Board were disagreed, he courted the opinions of the superintendents. As Superintendent Hyatt has maintained a judicial attitude throughout, refraining from expressing a preference, we are willing to believe that he really desired the opinions of the superintendents to assist him to a wise choice.

But in the case of Dr. Frederick Burk we face a different situation. We do not believe that he desired the opinions of the superintendents to assist him to a decision. On the contrary, Dr. Burk's attitude was that of a man who has reached a decision and wishes to lead others to its acceptance. In support of this contention, we wish to cite a few facts. Dr. Burk stated publicly at Sacramento that he was opposed to the

Baker and Carpenter Readers on the ground of gradation. He stated further at Yosemite that he did not believe that the Child Life need seriously be considered—that the choice lay between the Baker and Carpenter and the Aldine. By this simple process of elimination it is not difficult to ascertain Dr. Burk's preference.

Dr. Burk may have deceived himself in this matter. But there was no doubt in the minds of the men and women who heard him at Yosemite as to his attitude. Dr. Burk is entitled to his opinion, and we believe that he has arrived at it honestly. But to ask the advice of the superintendents of the State, when he really desired simply their concurrence, was not complimentary to the superintendents.

There is a still more serious aspect of this question. Dr. Burk has rushed into print at intervals, attacking the methods of the publishing firms in securing adoptions. He has talked earnestly about "social bribery" in the form of duck dinners and theater parties. In the *San Francisco Call* of November 21, 1908, he gratuitously laid down a code of ethics for the guidance of his fellow-members of the State Board. He passed a resolution through the State Board requiring all representations as to books to be made at open meetings. And yet this same Dr. Burk at Yosemite introduced W. F. Brainard of Newson & Co. to many superintendents, asking them to test the Aldine Readers, and assuring them of favorable introductory prices if they would do so. Even if it were conceded that this astonishing action sprang simply from a sense of fair play, it constitutes a serious break in the armor of Achilles. Dr. Burk went further in this matter than any other member of the State Board has ever gone. Both his utterances and actions proclaimed him an advocate of the Aldine Readers—the judge became the attorney.

Let it be stated in conclusion that this editorial attempts no discussion as to the respective merits of the readers in question. Dr. Burk's preference for the Aldine Readers may be well founded. But as one in a judicial position, in a cause not yet determined, his attitude is seriously to be criticised. It is not only glaringly inconsistent with his previous utterances—it is distinctly partisan.

## AN OPENING SENTIMENT

CHAS. N. SHANE

Superintendent of Schools, Placer County

**W**HAT a wonderful spot! In the ages past, when the Great Architect of the Universe laid His finger upon this favored land and brought into existence all the grandeurs so profusely thrown around us, He surely knew the nature of the heart of the coming man.

As we were winding up this beautiful valley, walled in by mountains of granite, over whose sides leap such streams of clear, refreshing waters, our hearts went out in glad response to all we saw.

In its selection what a place for inspiration! And yet, in all its wonderful creation, how far short in importance it falls when compared with those in whose interest we are here assembled! While we adore all this, yet in His great plan the soul of the humblest boy or girl in our schools is of far more worth than all these wonders combined.

As we look about us and think of the possibilities of a human soul, what an inspiration we should each receive for the responsible work we have in hand! How well arranged the whole seems to be! When we consider all the beauties of this great commonwealth, numerous as they are in the Southland; plentiful as they are in the Northland; how appropriate, then, that here, near the central part we find the greatest, the grandest, the most varied of all! Here, from every section, we can come and share on a common plane this delightful Valley, the most remarkable of all the grandeurs of our great State.

As we look at Bridal Veil Falls, with all its tracery of pure delicate spray, we are reminded of the purity of the natures of the boys and girls in our charge; as we look at the beautiful Merced flowing at our feet, of the mothers, ever thoughtful for their needs; as we look at El Capitan, of the fathers, strong, dignified and always inspiring.

Let us then feel as we breathe in this pure air, drink of these clear waters, view with delight all these beauties, that ever before us is the fact that when contemplating the possibilities of a human being, all these sink into comparative insignificance!



Vernal Falls, a sheet of foaming water 80 feet wide dropping 300 feet over the precipice



## YOSEMITE IMPRESSIONS

WILL C. WOOD

City Superintendent of Schools, Alameda, Calif.

---

FOR some years I have been trying to determine just what proprieties should be observed on board a Pullman car. All my previous conclusions were upset, however, while I was journeying to Yosemite this summer. I had retired early the evening before with a feeling of relief that two dollars could buy the free and uninterrupted enjoyment of a hundred cubic feet of air space and a window. While sleeping soundly, I was awakened by an uncomfortably sharp and burdensome feeling in the thoracic region. In silence I thanked the lucky stars that my accident policy was in full force and effect and that an accident in a train wreck was worth twice as much as any other sort of casualty. Instinctively I raised my hand to the afflicted spot and found to my horror that the flesh I felt was numb. "Excuse me, sir, these curves are very sharp," called a voice beyond the curtain. "Yes, and so is the point of your elbow," I replied to the owner of the "numb" flesh when I grasped the situation.

Meanwhile the car was creaking and swaying, so I accepted this circumstantial evidence that the sudden attack on my ribs was unintentional. To guard against another occurrence of the kind I dressed hastily, and made my way to the buffet. Seated by the window, I gazed out upon the roaring rapids of the Merced River, the huge granite boulders and the receding wooded slopes that cast their indistinct shadows upon the flood. It was indeed a fascinating scene. The lower canyon of the Merced, with its softer lines and brighter hues, serves as a fitting foreground for the sheer cliffs, the towering domes and precipitous falls of the Yosemite. While I do not commend the rude manner of my awakening to other travelers, I must in justice to the region suggest that a trip to Yosemite loses much of its charm if the morning dreams in a Pullman berth are given preference over the visions of natural beauty outside the window.

By the time we reached El Portal the sun had risen high over the hills, and the lack of breeze convinced us our stage ride would be a warm one. After breakfast, the staunch, four-seated stages drove up in front of the hotel and each received a party of eleven linen-clad travelers. I

The Yosemite  
Valley train  
follows the  
Merced River  
for 80 miles  
up the canyon



was fortunate to get a front seat next to the driver, and I am sure his interesting conversation took my mind from the clouds of dust our stage wheels stirred up and fastened my attention upon higher things. I must protest, however, against a form of fetichism which these stage drivers persistently foster in order to arouse the wonder of people of fetichistic disposition. Right in the midst of a most interesting and marvelous trout-fishing story our driver would bring the stage to a halt and point out a boulder or patch of rock and conjure the travelers' imaginations till cats, turkeys, Indian women and even elephants could be seen along the cliffs. To my mind this sort of thing, far from increasing wonder, only detracts from the great masterpiece of the Almighty and defiles the landscape. The cliffs themselves are marvelous, and it is belittling them to pick out an insignificant patch, picture it with a beast and call this creature of human imagination wonderful. With apologies to Bobbie Burns, I feel like saying,

"Ye see yon bald spot ca'd a cat,  
Wha' creeps and purs and a' that,  
Though hundreds look to see it spat,  
The rock's the rock for a' that."



At the  
entrance to  
the Valley—  
Bridal Veil  
Falls on the  
right

It was high noon when we came into view of El Capitan. Though the traveler may have lost much of the sense of proportion while entering the Valley, he is yet able to appreciate the austere grandeur of this mighty cliff. Rising majestically thirty-three hundred feet above the floor of the Valley, this massive granite guardian has for eons cast its stolid, impassive gaze westward, unmindful of the play of human feelings and passions about its base. One can not think of its immensity in terms of cubic feet or cubic yards. Its vastness can be measured only in terms of human endeavor. Pile all the stone ever quarried by man in a mighty monument by the side of El Capitan, and this work of the Almighty would rival the aggregate of man's attainment!

And then the Valley! It would be futile for me to essay a description of its wonderful scenes. We pass enticing Pohono, known to pagans as the Spirit of the Evil Wind, but to us by the Christian name of Bridal Veil. Three Graces and Three Brothers look down up on us, and the mighty Sentinel frowns, but does not challenge as we pass. Across the Valley, Yosemite plunges from a towering precipice in three broad silver leaps, and beyond to the right, towering Half Dome presents its profile against the clear blue sky.

Upon our arrival at Camp Yosemite, located a short distance from

Yosemite Falls, we were welcomed by a sweet faced little woman, and as our experience proved, one of the best of landladies. Our appetites had been whetted during the fourteen-mile stage ride, so we soon sought the open dining-room and did ample justice to the well prepared camp-fare.

Real appreciation of the Yosemite is dependent on looking down upon the valley from different viewpoints, as well as on looking up at the perpendicular cliffs. However, the tourist unaccustomed to mountain climbing must not attempt too much at first. We thought it best to take what are commonly known as "lady's tramps" for the first two or three days, making our first trip to Happy Isles, just at the base of Grizzly Peak and below the confluence of Illilouette creek and the Merced, a distance of two and a half miles from the Sentinel Hotel. Here the river, plunging over its boulder broken bed in a white torrent, is divided by two small isles of most entrancing sylvan beauty. Our hearts had been quickened by the other wonders of the Valley and our limbs had become weary with walking, but these Happy Isles afforded us genuine heartsease and refreshing rest, as we ate our lunch on the rustic benches, just at the parting of the waters.

The second easy tramp was made early next morning to Mirror Lake, which lies in the narrow gorge through which Teneiya creek enters the Valley. North Dome, Washington Column, and Basket Dome rise to the left; and back of the lake, to the east is Mount Watkins, whose outline is reflected in the famous mirror. To the right is the sheer north wall of Half Dome stained by the waters of unnumbered seasons. We were rather disappointed at first view of the lake, which is so small it would ordinarily be called a pool. However, it is noted for quality rather than quantity of surface, and its fame is well deserved. Gazing into the water, we could recognize every detail of the reflected mountains; not a ripple broke the wonderful picture. We moved along the western border of the lake and saw the sun rise seven times over the walls of Half Dome, observing the gorgeous colors as the image of the sun peeped over the reflected crest.

After two days tramping we felt that we had passed the tenderfoot stage and were ambitious to scale the lofty walls. With one of our party, a hearty young doctor, I planned a trip to Glacier Point, by the

long trail past Vernal and Nevada Falls. I was aroused from peaceful daybreak slumber by this same doctor, who, I verily believe, had been prowling around since the wee sma' hours, waiting to catch a glimpse of the first faint streaks of dawn. I hurriedly arrayed myself in corduroy and boots, and lumbered drowsily into the dining-room, preceded by my anxious, sprightly stepping friend. As we made our way to the table, we passed a party of young ladies, and to my discomfort one of them remarked, "Say, girls, notice what a difference there is between the step of the young man and that of the *old* man." This not only awakened me; it aroused me and I took my spite out on an unoffending beefsteak, whilst eying my companion closely to see whether, perchance, he was the old man referred to. I arose from the table disappointed.

The morning sun was just peeping over Liberty Cap, as we rounded the trail below Sierra Point. The doctor's pedometer told us we had put three miles of our thirteen-mile journey behind us, and a few minutes climb brought us to the bridge. Looking up stream we caught our first glimpse of Vernal Falls, a burnished silver sheet of waters, called by the Indians, Pi-wa-ack, the Cataract of Diamonds. How poor and weak and empty are words when we attempt to describe an awe-inspiring scene! We raise our hats, and bow our heads whilst the soul yields to the touch of sublime beauty and there enters a vision of God!

Recovering ourselves somewhat from the spell of falling waters, we made our way along the rocky foot trail that leads up the stream past the fall. The breeze from the falls grew stronger as we hurried along the narrow ledge and up the slippery steps into the mists that rise like incense from the rocky cavern beneath the foaming cataract. The mists soon became a cloud, and the cloud became rain. To prevent our being drenched we covered ourselves with burlap and hurried on up the slippery stairs, pausing here and there for breath and gazing back at the wondrous rainbows in the mist below. Weary and breathless, we reached a cliff above the spray. I tried to speak to my companion but the raging waters, rebuking my lack of reverence, drowned my words ere they were off my lips.

We leaned over the iron railing for a few moments and gazed upon the fall and the river, foaming over its rocky bed, before resuming our journey. We passed the Emerald Pool and the Silver Apron where the

river widens and flows like a millrace over a stretch of smooth granite a hundred yards long and about thirty wide. By eleven o'clock we were climbing the zig-zag trail up the cliff over which the Merced river makes its first long leap. Nevada Falls is indeed beautiful, but, to my mind not so entrancing as Vernal. Here the river plunges six hundred feet, but the descent is not so precipitous, and is broken by a huge boulder which flings the water outward, making the fall a mass of feathery spray.

We were hungry by the time we reached the top of Nevada Falls, but we had taken no thought of the noonday and had not the wherewith to appease our appetites. Wanting the staff of life, each of us cut a staff of pine whereon to lean as we climbed the mountain side. Looking across the wide chasm toward the west, we spied the Glacier Point Hotel, apparently but little higher than the place where we stood and not more than two miles as the crow flies. Our spirits rose as we ascended the hill and felt that each step was bringing us nearer the dining table. With panting breath and with beads of perspiration standing on our brows we reached the crest of the range and solemnly agreed that henceforth that place should be known as Perspiration Point. When we looked westward toward the hotel, however, we realized that we had christened our point too soon. Our path descended to the bottom of Illilouette canyon, fully a thousand feet deep. Realizing that we must go down merely for the sake of going up again, we solemnly swore that Profanity Cliff was a far more appropriate name than the one we had given.

Going down was an easy matter, although the midday sun beat down upon us with all its fierceness. Our throats were fairly parched when we reached the high bridge, but, on looking below at the stream, we decided it was hardly worth our while to go down for water, preferring to take a chance on finding a spring near the trail on the mountain side. The chance we drew was unlucky. After climbing for an hour in the boiling sun, I observed that my companion, the young man, was lagging behind; that the sprightly step had given way to a dragging limp. The long time between drinks had told on both of us, but the long looked for spring was found just at the critical moment and we refreshed ourselves in its cool waters. But the doctor was only refreshed; he was not revived. His footsteps soon began to lag again, and only the coming of

the mule train brought him salvation from exhaustion. A kindly disposed lady also offered me her mule, but realizing that the distance to the hotel was short, I refused, preferring to walk humbly into Jerusalem, rather than emulate my friend's triumphal entry on a mule. But the camp chair was never so restful, and the lunch never so inviting, as it was to me that day at Glacier Point.

Seven thousand two hundred and fifty-four feet above the level of the sea— so reads the bench mark of the United States Geological Survey on a boulder at famous Glacier Point. From the iron railing one may look down upon the Valley three thousand feet below. As one



Half Dome with Nevada and Vernal Falls in the Distance

writer expresses it, "The sight is something to stop the beating of a chamois' heart and cause spiders of ice to crawl down one's spine. From here the entire valley is spread out at your feet, where hotels are huts, trees two hundred feet high mere shrubs, men as black spots on the surface of green. Mirror Lake is a bright speck, and an apple orchard of four acres, the trees set twenty feet apart, appears as a checkerboard."

Later on in the afternoon, I climbed to the summit of Sentinel Dome, over eight thousand feet above the level of the sea. Rising high above all near-by mountains except Half Dome and Clouds' Rest, this dome



affords a wonderful panorama of mountain scenery. Even the summit of Half Dome, which towers so high above the floor of the Valley, seems almost on a level with the eye. Northward, in the fading light, one sees the clear-cut outlines of Clouds' Rest, Fairview Dome, Cathedral Peak and Tuolumne Mountain. As the eye ranges eastward, it falls upon the most splendid assemblage of high peaks in the Sierras. There Starr King, Florence, Clark, Lyell and Dana show their snowy summits in regal splendor. No more beautiful sight met our eyes in the Yosemite region than the sunset on Sentinel Dome. The haze hanging over El Capitan, the Three Graces and Cathedral Spires became radiant in the setting sun, and the gorgeous afterglow cast a spell upon us which was not broken till the rim of the sky took on the hue of steel and sudden darkness enshrouded the barren dome.

A night of welcome sleep refreshed us. Next morning, after gazing for a time on the silhouette of mountain peaks, which in the dawn resembles the jagged teeth of a Titan's saw, we hurried away down the short trail which leads to the Valley.

Zig-zag trail and sudden stop,  
Towering cliff and rounding top,  
Clouds of dust and chaparral,  
Yawning cleft and wondrous fall;  
Down the trail we pass them, so,  
Hardly speaking as we go.  
Hob-nailed boots are keeping time  
While we improvise a rhyme.  
Thus we come from Glacier Point,  
Exercising every joint.

I should like to write of the trail up Yosemite ledge to the top of the falls and to Eagle Peak, and I am sure an account of our journey eastward to Merced Lake and around Mount Lyell and Mount Dana, would be worth while, but time and space, undefinable by any but the philosopher, were both clearly defined by the editor when he asked for this sketch, so I desist. To him who would know the beauties of the region, I would say, "Go, behold, enjoy! Disappointment is a foreign word amid the high Sierras."



The Three Brothers, impressive in their high and massiveness are among the most striking sights of Yosemite Valley

## YOSEMITE

JEPHTHA B. GINN

Principal Grammar School, Castroville, California

O wonderful Yosemite,  
Thy beauties I behold!  
Thy towering granite walls I see;  
Thy crags and peaks and domes so bold;  
And falls that waving in the gale,  
And streams that falling turn to spray  
Suggest at once a bridal veil  
And dreams of sweetness day by day.

And gazing longer I can see  
New beauties one by one;  
The image of the rock and tree  
And of the rising sun  
From out thy placid lake is sent—  
Clear visions of delight  
That form the smooth breast's ornament  
With beauty richly dight.

With joy I watch the waters dash  
Down by thy happy isles,  
And see the sparkling white foam splash  
Where sweet the primrose smiles;  
The moss and fern their beauty lend  
In colors rich and green;  
These with the shining sunlight blend  
In glories rarely seen.

As now thy grandeur I behold,  
I find myself entombed in thought  
Of how the mountains must have rolled  
When first thy form was wrought;  
And how these pond'rous blocks of stone,  
Up-piled beyond man's skill,  
Were raised by one great hand alone  
To do Him reverence still.

Thou speak'st to me in voiceless word  
Of Nature's beauty, strength, and grace;  
Brave freedom's voice, in rapture heard,  
Proclaims thy crags her dwelling-place!  
I love to linger here alone  
And watch thy marvels as they shine,  
And hear a voice from every stone  
Declare thy origin divine!

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IN THE TWILIGHT

RAYMOND SUMNER BARTLETT  
Palo Alto, California

When bars of twilight quiver low  
And all the night draws close to thee,  
And vagrant, earthworn shadows go  
Like ships of wonder on the sea;  
While two by two the stars are sped  
Into the welkin of the deep,  
And midnight sojourners are led  
Through long, unclouded ways of sleep;  
Have you not watched how worlds grow dim  
And planets signal from afar  
Their messages from star to star  
Above the ancient Heaven's rim?  
Do ghosts of other days return  
With lips of silence vainly pressed?  
Or drowsing, do you watch and learn,  
Content to leave the truth unguessed?

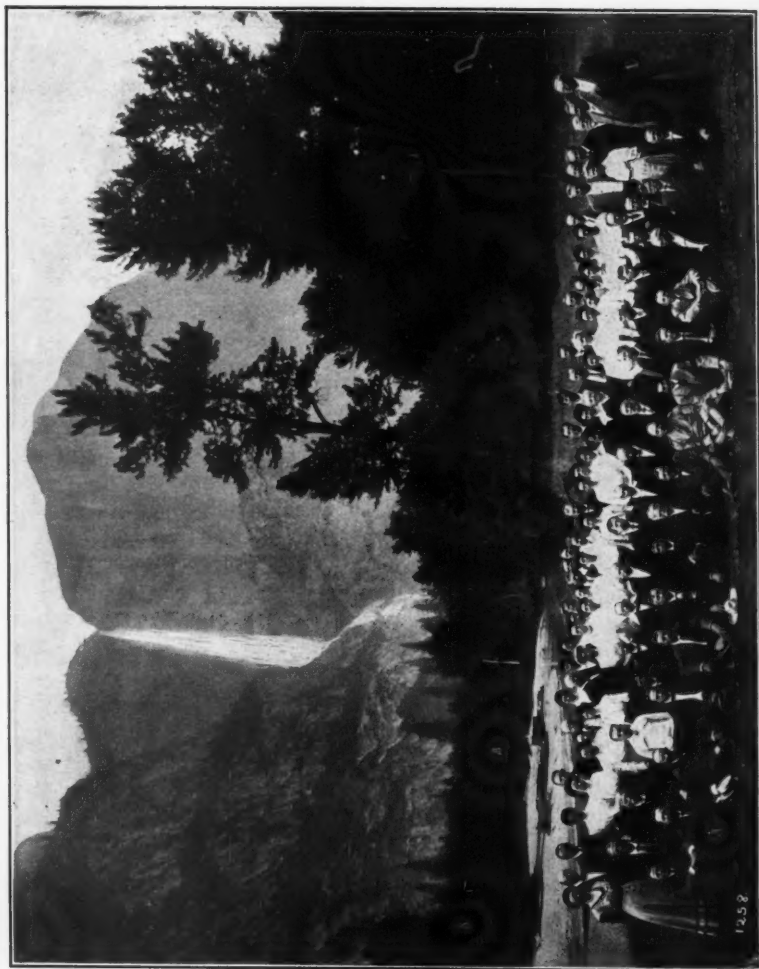


Photo by Boyesen

THE YOSEMITE CONVENTION

## THE CONVENTION AT YOSEMITE

L. E. ARMSTRONG

Secretary California Teachers' Association

THE first annual convention of the county and city superintendents of California has passed into history. As part of the educational record of the State, the proceedings at Yosemite must be viewed from several angles to form a just general notion of the whole. That the meeting by-and-large was a success, may readily be granted; that it might easily have been better seems equally true. The indirect values of good fellowship, inspiring surroundings, fresh air and exercise probably outweighed the direct educational results of the actual sessions. The commonplace center was more than redeemed by the delightful accessories. A review of the main feature of the trip and the convention may be interesting to the teachers of the State.

The convention was called by State Superintendent Hyatt for the week beginning August 23d. This necessitated our starting for Yosemite the preceding day. The morning of August 22d was a typical summer morning for the region surrounding San Francisco Bay. The air was decidedly cool, with the fog sufficiently high to be safely called clouds. A stranger might have been tempted to take an umbrella. But knowing the versatility of California climate, we simply took a well-filled lunch-box and high spirits. We knew that we should soon have sunshine a-plenty. Sure enough, at Martinez the sun broke through, bright and warm; Tracy was warmer; and Merced, at two o'clock, was warmest.

The gathering of the clans was a heart-warming scene. At Martinez Superintendent Hanlon and party came aboard, genial and expectant of a good time. At Lathrop we were joined by several superintendents from the northern part of the State, under the general wing of Superintendent Hyatt. Noticeable among them was Superintendent O'Neill of Nevada county, the man who combs his hair so as to resemble Mark Twain as far as the copyright law will permit. With the renewal of old acquaintances and the formation of new ones, we soon reached Merced, our junction for El Portal. Here we found several more superintendents, with George Frick of Alameda county in their midst, trying in vain to look comfortable. He had divested himself of all superfluous clothing, and his manly outline, thus brought clearly to view, proved conclusively that he is a remarkably well-preserved young man. We waited in

Merced till the train from the south pulled in. With prompt, decisive stride, Superintendent Mark Keppel, of Los Angeles county, alighted and greeted us. With him were Superintendent MacKinnon, of San Diego, Superintendent Graham of Long Beach, Superintendent Hamilton of Pasadena, Superintendent Mitchell of Orange county and Superintendent Baldwin of San Diego county.

We were glad to leave Merced and start on our eighty-mile ride to El Portal over the Yosemite Valley Railroad. We were somewhat surprised to find this branch road running vestibuled trains fully equal in appointment and comfort to the regular transcontinental lines. The road winds pleasantly up the rocky canyon of the Merced river to El Portal, the entrance to the valley. The ascent is quite gradual, with new and strikingly beautiful scenes ever unfolding to the view. Arriving about six-thirty we found an excellent dinner and clean beds awaiting us at the Del Portal Hotel. Again we opened our eyes at the fine service and the large artistic lobby, with its great wide-mouthed fireplace. This lobby, after dinner, was the scene of many a pleasant, animated group, until the thought of the early ride next morning sent the members of the party bedward at rather an early hour.

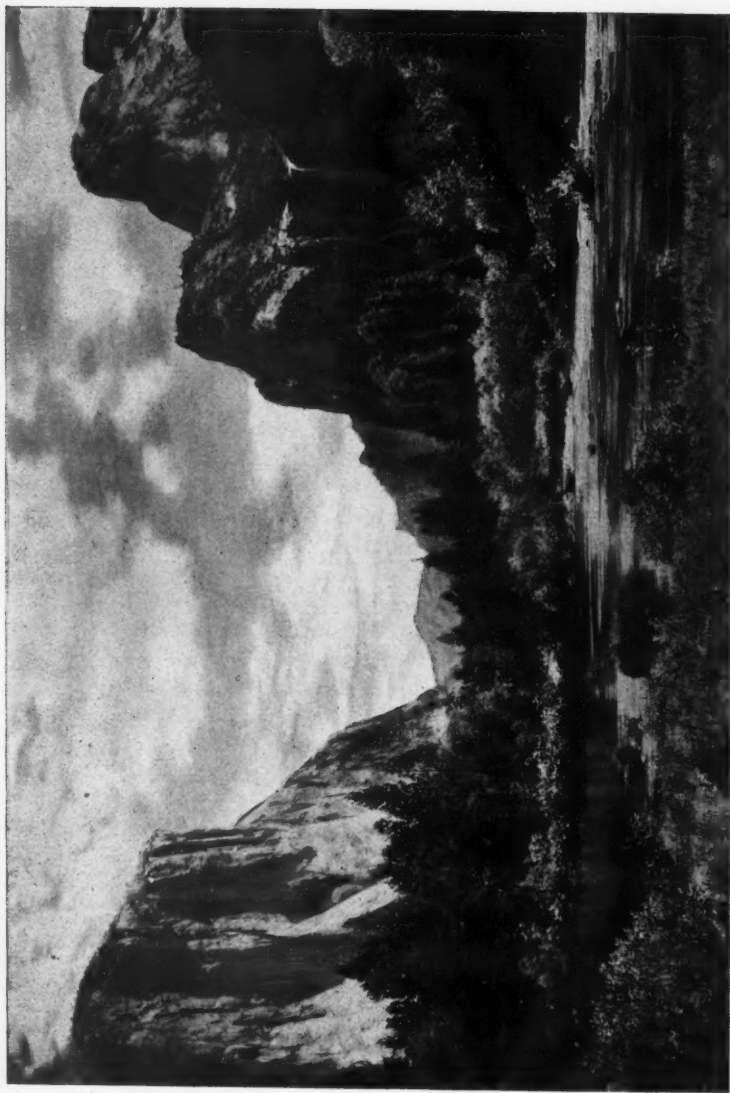
A sharp rap the next morning about five-thirty brought us up sitting. Then came the donning of attires supposedly suitable for our plunge into the wilds. Cowboy hats, soft shirts, walking boots, khaki suits, leggings, made their appearance at breakfast. Candor compels the statement that the women stood the transformation better than the men, all theories to the contrary notwithstanding. Breakfast over and our luggage safely strapped, we waited for the coming of the big four-horse stages to take us into the Valley. At seven o'clock the first one came up with a flourish. Eleven people quickly seated themselves (two on the front seat with the driver) and were promptly started off with a cheer. It was a good-natured crowd there in the early morning. Jests and quips about getting back to nature were tossed back and forth while the stages were filling and leaving. A feeling of pleasurable excitement was in the air. And still the stages came up—three, four, five, six, nine, twelve of them, to accommodate the party; and when the last one started the first must have been fully two miles away on the long, hard ten-mile grade into the Valley. Rounding a point, one could sometimes



see two or three stages in front and the same number behind. The sight recalled the experiences of our fathers in crossing the plains. But fearing no attack from Indians, the formation of our line was rather loose to avoid the dust of the stage in front. And so on and on, making only three miles an hour, until at last, at about eleven o'clock, we secured our first view of Yosemite Valley.

Why attempt to describe what has so often and so ably been described? Words might do comparative justice to the scenery, but words can never portray the feelings that the scene evokes! Towering thirty-three hundred feet in massive grandeur, El Capitan makes one feel the littleness of man and the transitoriness of his petty ambitions. There is a feeling akin to pain in your heart as you measure the magnificent granite column with your eye. El Capitan calls for humility, silence and reverence. El Capitan brings home to the heart the shortness of human life and the consequent folly of wasting it. The various falls of the Valley are beautiful in all their swaying grace, but to me El Capitan in his somber grandeur outranks all else. He is the most awe-inspiring object I have ever seen. The stage rounds his base for more than a mile, so that you may lean back and drink your fill of him. Why multiply words concerning El Capitan and other features of this wonderful Valley? One might as well attempt a description of a beautiful song. These wonders of stone and water can be interpreted only in terms of emotion. Go and see and feel them yourself—there is no other way.

Camp Ahwahnee, at the foot of Sentinel Rock, was our destination. We arrived shortly after twelve o'clock, dusty but cheerful. We were very courteously received by the genial young manager, W. M. Sell, Jr., and were promptly assigned to comfortable tents. These tents, uniform in size and color, are aligned citywise, presenting a pleasing appearance. All around the camp great trees lend beauty and shade, and that soft murmur so conducive to rest. The big office building, capable of seating at least one hundred and fifty, had been selected by Superintendent Hyatt as the convention hall. Thither we repaired after our sharpened appetites had been amply satisfied in the charmingly sylvan dining room. And there, in sight of Yosemite Falls and the everlasting rocks on either side, we enjoyed a genuine love-feast till the chairman's gavel fell at two o'clock.



When the traveler reaches the floor of the Valley, this panorama of towering cliffs, shining waterfalls and snow-capped peaks comes suddenly into view

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In his opening remarks Superintendent Hyatt outlined his plan for the week. With the purpose of encouraging informal discussion, no papers had been prepared. Simply a number of topics had been selected, such as school visitation, teachers' institutes, textbooks, to be tossed one by one into the arena. With a discussion once in full swing, it might be terminated only by the dinner bell, darkness, accident, exhaustion or a motion to adjourn. The plan was certainly democratic in the extreme. It evinced a sublime faith in the self-control, self-guidance and endurance of the superintendents.

We believe that the results hardly justified the confidence of the State Superintendent. While the discussions of the week netted a profit, there was undue wear and tear on the machinery in turning it out. A discussion beginning anywhere and ending in a similar place usually develops more heat than light. True, it promotes the development of the individual, but it is a serious strain upon the audience. It seems better that a man should, as far as possible, clarify his views in his study, and thus avoid imposing upon the time and patience of others. On this basis of informal discussion, six men did at least half of all the talking at Yosemite. When the heated terms were on, the women had no chance at all. One woman, and only one, managed to talk when some man really wanted the floor.

We believe that no one was to blame. The plan was probably in the nature of an experiment over against the confessed inadequacy of the pure lecture method of the average county institute. The pure lecture plan fails of the best results because it provides no opportunity for reaction. On the other hand, the pure discussion plan, involving no special preparation and presenting unlimited opportunity for reaction, begets many firstlings of the heart and brain that were better still-born. The safest course would seem to lie somewhere between these extremes. For a discussion to be most highly effective, careful guidance is necessary. As a general rule, a discussion should be preceded by a carefully prepared paper surveying the field and setting certain boundary stakes. We believe that Superintendent Hyatt was experimenting, and that the experiment was worth the cost.

The evenings were a source of keenest pleasure. A great bonfire was built every night, with seats ranged around it in a circle one hundred

feet or more across. There, in quiet contentment, with the firelight shining on happy faces, we had our evening's entertainment. Those skilled in song and story graciously contributed their offerings. Superintendent Roncovieri of San Francisco rendered several trombone selections, proving himself a genuine artist in his interpretations. Mr. Dane Coolidge, of Berkeley, acquitted himself as a skilful raconteur, much to our satisfaction. Mrs. Coolidge, with her remarkable folk-lore songs and beautiful voice, stirred us to the depths. Professor Lee Emerson Bassett of Stanford University gave us both humor and pathos in several remarkably well-rendered recitations. The sympathetic quality of Mr. Fred T. Moore's voice kept him in nightly demand, which he knightly honored. A male quartet, composed of Messrs. Macurda, Scott, Boynton and Wheelock, filled the night with "touches of sweet harmony." Several of the superintendents added to the pleasure by relating experiences more or less personal. Superintendent Hyatt's description of how he and Superintendent Baldwin "shot up" a town in San Diego county ought to be published. These delightful evenings around the campfire will linger long in memory.

On Thursday evening we were treated to one of the remarkable scenes of the Valley. Mr. David A. Curry, of Camp Curry, at the foot of Glacier Point, had extended an invitation to the convention to accept his hospitality and witness a scene never to be forgotten. So after dinner we all walked the two miles from Camp Ahwahnee to Camp Curry along the level floor of the valley. Soon after passing the Sentinel Hotel we came in sight of Glacier Point. And there on its summit, right at the very edge, three thousand feet above the Valley, roared a great bonfire. At the proper time this fire was to be pushed off into space. We hastened our steps to make sure that we should not miss this remarkable spectacle. Arriving at Camp Curry, we found seats and a cordial welcome from Mr. Curry, a great, broad-shouldered, brown-eyed giant, and from his sweet-faced wife. At eight-thirty Mr. Curry said, "Now, I shall talk to Old Glacier." I looked for a telephone, but lungs preceded telephones. Walking to the front, and tilting his magnificent head back, in a voice that proclaimed him a true son of Stentor, he advised the men on the mountain top to "Let—her—go." A sheet of living flame, a waterfall of fire sixteen hundred feet high unrolled before our startled

eyes. The glow of the fiery mist lit up the obscurest recesses of the mountain wall, and brought the lines of greatest frontage into sharp relief. Then, as the mist began to fade, instinctively we rose to our feet and sang "Nearer My God to Thee." After the song we were seated around the campfire, treated to ice cream and cake, and had our evening's entertainment. Then voting Curry "a jolly good fellow" in enthusiastic fashion, we trudged campward, richer by an experience that will cling through life.

All of Wednesday was given over to sight-seeing. Parties went in all directions—some to Yosemite Falls, some to Inspiration Point, some to El Capitan and Bridal Veil Falls, others to Mirror Lake and Half Dome; but the greatest number took the fourteen-mile mule ride past Vernal and Nevada Falls, around to Glacier Point, and back to camp down the short four-mile trail. It is a hair-raising experience to sit on the overhanging Glacier Rock and look down three thousand feet! Only a few of the party had nerve enough to try it. We advise nobody to do it. We were tired and sore at the close of the day, but it was worth more than it cost.

And right at this point Superintendent Hyatt deserves sincere commendation for calling these conventions at places remote from the busy marts of men. Last year the meeting was held at Lake Tahoe, and we trust that next year we may visit another of these beautiful natural regions unspoiled by man. We venture to suggest Santa Catalina—lake, mountain, island, in turn. We are all so busy that we might keep on forever postponing the contemplated visits to our great wonderlands were it not for Superintendent Hyatt's wisdom. He well knows that our lives are made richer and that our love for our beautiful California is increased by knowing it better.

Finally, we believe that the change in the law calling for an annual instead of a biennial meeting of the county and city superintendents has been justified by the Yosemite meeting. We believe that the greatest good derived from these meetings comes from knowing one another better. Our differences and antagonisms are due largely to misunderstandings springing from a lack of knowledge. There are certain educational problems to be solved in this State that will call for the united, cordial co-operation of all the friends of education. There must

be no north, no south. We must all learn to think thoughts as wide and as long as the entire State. A meeting of the county and city superintendents is a step toward this desired oneness. For when you rub shoulders with the other fellow and see clearly the motives which govern his actions, respect is born. And respect is ever the forerunner of affection.

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A YOSEMITE IDYL

CHARLES COKE WOODS  
Fresno, California

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THE fresh fingers of dawn silently slipped aside the black robes of the night, and it was day. The same still fingers snuffed out the star candles of the dark, for the sunlight had come full flare. Dewdrops flashed in the valley like frost flakes in the sun. The green grass was agleam with the glory of light. Birds twittered and trilled and mingled their music with the beams of the morning. Dear old Yosemite is young again, for blown from her lips is the breath of the dawn.

The seams and the scars in the wrinkled old rocks are garbed in the glory of grasses and moss. Flowers and ferns fall over bare boulders, each petal and frond adrip with the dew. It is old Yosemite grown youthful and gay mid the fragrance of flowers, the singing of birds, and the dews of the dawn. The spirit of spring is the spirit of youth, and old Yosemite is happy and gay.

A ribbony river between banks of bloom flows over the flowery floor of this colorful canyon. The wimpling waves catch every star that beams in the beautiful blue above. The moon glades fall like flashes of flame across the slowly flowing flood. Ferns and alder bushes bend over the banks to touch their leafy lips to these cool waters that flow from far-away drifts of melting snow. And the river flows away and away to sing its solace to the sobbing sea.

The beautiful snows have melted away from the brows of the boulders and in cadences call from the musical waters. They sprinkle their spray o'er the face of the flowers, and frolic in foam over forests of ferns. Long lyrical leaps these snow waters take from towering cliffs to

the lakes in the vale. Like some bowman at bay the sun shoots his beams, swift arrows of light, through the thick-falling flood that breaks it to beauty in flowers of foam and melodious spray. In musical thunder great cataracts call like giants hard-hunted by foes from the hills. Deep calls unto deep in the gleam and the gloom as the soft-falling feet of the years hurry by. The lakes have lured waters from mountainous snows and circled them round with beautiful lines. They bathe the bare feet of the cedar-clad hills as if they were pilgrims long waiting for rest. Bewildering beauty, mysterious music, splendors and shadows, clouds and clear skies, booming thunder of cataracts, muffled music of singing spray, bewitching wonderland of the world—Yosemite!

Overhanging skies as soft and still as if from their silences had never come deafening thunders to awaken the hushed hills or the sleeping forests; as if the black shadows of night had never been cloven by shafts of thunder shot in stormy fury across the yawning chasm of the Sierras; as if no tempest's battle breath had ever blown its fighting flame through these ranks of soldier trees.

Moon-lit meadows lie in dreamless sleep. When dusk is on the world and dew is in the wold the moonlight falls like sifted silver in the dells. With soundless step it creeps into the dreaming canons from over the towering cliffs. It shoots its shining shafts across the falling and foaming thunders of cataract and waterfall. At hide-and-seek ten thousand moonbeams play across the tarns and trees. The shadow-shod feet of the night slip noiseless among the sedges of the marsh, and the wind's wet wings freighted with fragrance of flowers fold them down in the moon-lit meadows to rest.

Old Yosemite—as old as the stars that rain their radiance into thy night—could I tell the tales of thy tarns and trees, thy ferns and flowers, thy mosses and meadows, thy gleams and glooms; could I tell the secrets of thy tempest thunders and thy zephyr whispers, the deep darks of thy nights, the high lights of thy noons, the bliss of thy birds and thy bees, I should catch the clew to the life lore of the ages and the love songs of the world.

Great Artist of the hills and the heart, of the mountains and meadows; Artist of eternity and of time, thou hast gone this way of wonder and of wealth, and I have come after thee to find thy fragrant footprints full of beauty and of bloom.



## THE VOICE OF THE NEST

LILIAN E. TALBERT  
Berkeley, California

O robin, sing out to the meadow,  
O lark, sing out to the blue!  
The peaks of yon low distant purple  
Are stilled by that song-pulse from you.

The Spring will keep your dear secret,  
The blossoms will hush as you pass,  
For the life and the joy of your soul's song  
Lie close and warm in the grass.

## REPORT OF THE COMMITTEE ON NATIONAL EDUCATION ASSOCIATION

*To the Annual Convention of the County and City Superintendents of  
California:*

**Y**OUR committee begs leave to submit the following report:

The National Education Association was to have met in San Francisco in 1906. The great disaster in April of that year prevented the meeting. The rebuilding of the new city by the Golden Gate within the short space of three years has been one of the marvels of the century. With the remarkable rehabilitation of the city, the educational forces of the State believed that the time had come for the fulfillment of the pledges of 1906. With this purpose in view, a committee representing the entire State was sent to the recent meeting of the National Education Association at Denver. In behalf of the city of San Francisco and the State of California, this committee extended an invitation to the Association to meet in San Francisco in July, 1910. In extending this invitation, the members of the committee were confident that the coming of the National Education Association to San Francisco next year would be a source of great profit, educationally and materially, to the entire State.

This invitation to California was accepted by the State directors, subject to the usual approval of the Executive Committee of the National Education Association. However, in order to secure the convention for

San Francisco in 1910, it was necessary for the California committee to make a membership pledge from this State.

For the meeting of the National Education Association at Los Angeles in 1907, California secured a total membership of 6,384. As San Francisco was in ruins when this membership was secured, the California committee at Denver felt justified in making a pledge of 7,000, feeling assured that the same hearty co-operation extended by the educational forces of the State to Los Angeles in 1907 will be given to San Francisco in 1910. Your committee believes that the pledge of 7,000 for 1910 will not only be redeemed, but that by active work that number may easily be increased materially. The volume of proceedings which goes with every membership will be of such unquestioned educational value as to be indispensable to every teacher and to every school or public library in California.

To the end, then, of securing a membership worthy of California, and of assuring the meeting for San Francisco, we submit to you, the county and city superintendents of this State, the following recommendations:

1. That every superintendent in California urge his teachers to sign a pledge to take a membership in the National Education Association for the coming year, provided that the meeting be held in San Francisco.

2. That these blank pledges be issued by the official committee, forwarded at once to every superintendent, circulated by him among his teachers, and returned by the superintendent to headquarters by October 15th or earlier if possible.

3. That every county superintendent be urged to take steps to place a copy of the proceedings of the National Education Association for 1910 in every school district library in his county, provided that the meeting be held in San Francisco.

4. That every city superintendent be urged to take steps to place a copy of the proceedings in every school building in his city.

5. That every county and city superintendent be urged to place a copy of the proceedings in his teachers' library.

6. That all public libraries be urged to secure copies of the proceedings.

7. That the assistance of the authorities and faculties of universities, colleges, normal schools, other State educational institutions, and private schools be solicited to increase the California membership for the National Education Association.

8. That a persistent effort be made to increase the number of active memberships in the National Education Association from California.

Respectfully submitted,

DUNCAN MACKINNON, Chairman.

L. E. ARMSTRONG, Secretary.

JAS. A. BARR

GEO. W. FRICK

FLORENCE BOGGS

LILLIE L. LAUGENOUR

MINNIE R. O'NEIL

LULU E. WHITE

M. V. LEHNER

MARK KEPPEL

J. G. O'NEILL

ALFRED RONCOVIERI

D. T. BATEMAN

HARR WAGNER

L. W. BABCOCK

C. L. McLANE

MRS. MINNIE ABRAMS

J. E. CARR

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### THE COMING C. T. A. MEETING

E. MORRIS COX

President California Teachers' Association

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THE next meeting of the California Teachers' Association will be held in San Francisco during the holiday season. The exact date has not yet been fixed, but the sessions will probably begin on Monday, December 27th, and close on the following Thursday.

The new "Convention League" of San Francisco will have charge of the local arrangements and entertainment. The league is anxious that everything should be done to insure a successful meeting of the C. T. A. in December, not only for the sake of our own meeting, but also for that of the National Education Association next July. For at that time San Francisco should have, and will have, the assistance of the C. T. A. and all of its members in making the visit of our Eastern friends all that it should be.

The speakers from the East for the meeting in December will be Dr. Vincent of Chicago and Dr. Gulick of New York. The first named has the reputation of being the leading orator among the schoolmen of the country. He comes from the economics department of the University of Chicago. Dr. Gulick has charge of the health and development work in the schools of New York City. He is coming at a particularly opportune time, as California is just awakening to the importance of greater attention to health problems. We may have the good fortune of hearing our own Luther Burbank. He can give us needed information concerning right conditions for healthful growth. During the last year several institutes have heard Allison Ware speak a most appealing message to stay the squandering of our heritage. He will give us this address at one of our general sessions. We shall have two or more speakers also.

We can not say at present how large the meeting will be. Six counties adjacent to the bay have decided to call their institutes to meet at this time. A few others may do so. But the three thousand teachers represented in these six institutes will not constitute all of our membership. Many teachers north and south, in the Sierras and the great valleys, are now taking memberships. We confidently expect to pass the Berkeley record of forty-two hundred and fifty in 1905.

The usual section meetings will be held, and a new section in History will be added. The presidents of all the sections met with the president and secretary of the association at the San Francisco Normal School on September 11th to discuss plans and programs.

The section programs are now well under way. They will be ready by November and will be published in the November issue of our official journal, THE SIERRA EDUCATIONAL NEWS. In addition, we expect to have complete programs and information circulars for distribution to the teachers of the State by the first of December.

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#### IMITATING FATHER

The other day I took my young nephew to the barber for the first time. I hated to see the soft little curls cut off, but his mother decided they must go. As the barber tied the towel under his baby chin he remarked: "How do you want you hair cut, young man?"

"Wif a little round hole in the top, like my faver's."—*Delineator*.

## RESOLUTIONS OF THE YOSEMITE CONVENTION

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Introduced by Supt. Hugh J. Baldwin, San Diego county:

WHEREAS, The Polytechnic feature of education has passed the experimental stage and is fully recognized by the profession of teaching both in Europe and America as one of the most important factors in the training of youth; and

WHEREAS, The business men, mechanics and people in general demand that said feature shall be incorporated in the school system all over this State; and

WHEREAS, The State, through its legislature, has already in its wisdom recognized the great value of this training by the establishment of the California Polytechnic School, located at San Luis Obispo, baptised with the following words, "for mental and manual training in the arts and sciences, including agriculture, mechanics, engineering, business methods, domestic economy and such other branches as will fit the students for the more professional walks of life"; and

WHEREAS, The legislature of 1909 again reflected the wishes of the people by establishing at Santa Barbara a school for manual arts and home economies; therefore, be it

*Resolved*, That we, the school superintendents of the State of California in convention assembled, memorialize the legislature of California that special financial help be given the high schools of this State that have established or may hereafter establish the polytechnic line of education, and that we request the State legislature in every way possible to nourish whenever established, and establish where local interests are dormant polytechnic education so that all localities, possessing sufficient children to justify high school facilities of the polytechnic line, may have them.

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Introduced by Mrs. Minnie Abrams, County Supt. of Butte:

*Resolved*, That it is the sentiment of this convention that county superintendents place Galen Clark's two books, "Big Trees of California" and "Indians of Yosemite Valley" upon the county library list for their respective counties; so that the children of California may read of these wonders as seen and known by one who has spent a lifetime in their midst.

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RESOLUTIONS OF THE YOSEMITE CONVENTION

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Introduced by Supt. R. L. Stockton, of Kern county:

*Resolved*, That especial thanks are due to the Hon. Galen Clark for his entertaining and instructive discourse on the Yosemite Valley; and be it further

*Resolved*, That it is the sense of this convention that the teachers of the State of California be requested to present to the children of this State a sketch of his life, which shows to a remarkable degree intelligence, purity of thought and action, temperance, kindness in all things and absolute independence.

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Introduced by Supt. James A. Graham, of Long Beach:

*Resolved*, That the question of the use of tobacco be referred to the committee of this body which was appointed to confer with the State Board of Health, and that this committee be requested to submit a report on this subject at the next annual convention of school superintendents.

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Introduced by Mr. Job Wood, Jr., of the State Office, Sacramento:

*Resolved*, That the members of this convention extend to the management of the Yosemite Valley Railroad and to the management of the hotel at El Portal and to Camp Ahwahnee our heartfelt thanks for the many favors and for their careful and painstaking entertainment.

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Introduced by Supt. J. A. Cranston, of Santa Ana:

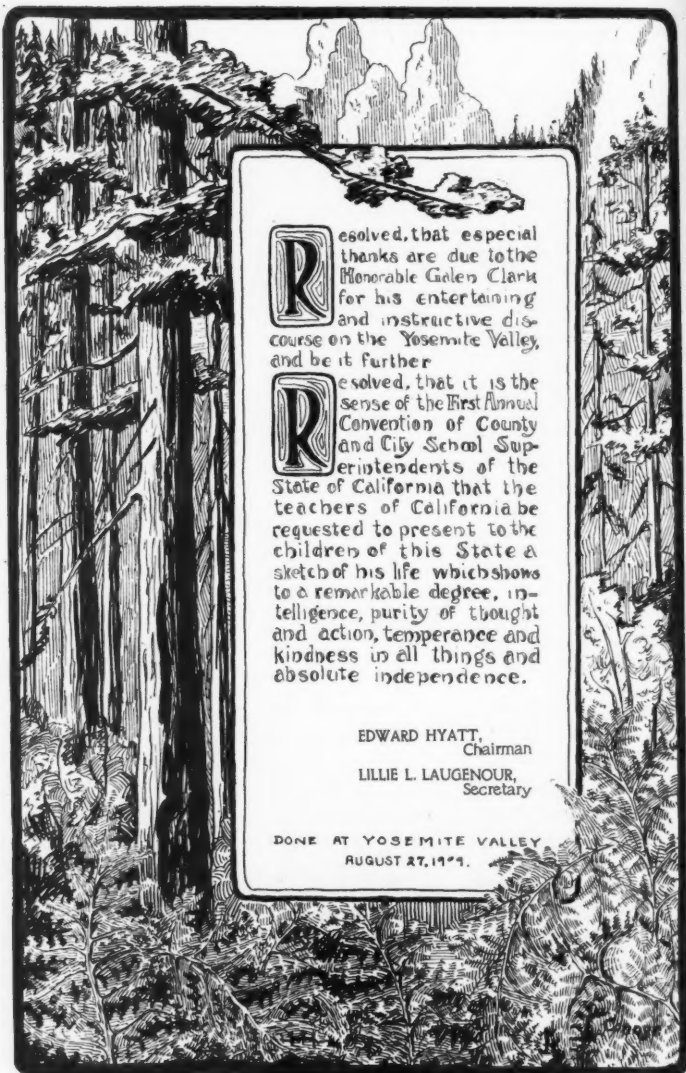
*Resolved*, That it is the desire of this convention that the attention of Hon. William H. Taft, president of the United States, be called to the present condition of the Indians of Yosemite Valley during his visit to this valley, to the end that they may receive more just and humane consideration.

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Introduced by Supt. L. W. Babcock, of Mendocino county:

WHEREAS, State Superintendent Hyatt in calling the annual convention of city and county superintendents in Yosemite Valley has afforded to them one of the greatest of opportunities to carry out the better objects of the convention; therefore, be it

*Resolved*, That we, the city and county superintendents here assembled hereby to express our thanks and appreciation to State Superintendent Hyatt for his thoughtfulness and kindly consideration in calling us together in the most famous place in our State.



**R**esolved, that especial thanks are due to the Honorable Galen Clark for his entertaining and instructive discourse on the Yosemite Valley, and be it further

**R**esolved, that it is the sense of the First Annual Convention of County and City School Superintendents of the State of California that the teachers of California be requested to present to the children of this State a sketch of his life which shows to a remarkable degree, intelligence, purity of thought and action, temperance and kindness in all things and absolute independence.

EDWARD HYATT,  
Chairman

LILLIE L. LAUGENOUR,  
Secretary

DONE AT YOSEMITE VALLEY  
AUGUST 27, 1904.



## LEGEND OF TO-TAU-KON-NU-LA AND TIS-SA-ACK\*

HON. GALEN CLARK  
"Guardian of the Valley"

INNUMERABLE moons and snows have passed since the Great Spirit guided a little band of his favorite children into the beautiful vale of Ah-wah-nee (Yosemite Valley), and bid them stop and rest from their long and weary wanderings, which had lasted ever since they had been separated by the great waters from the happy land of their forefathers in the far distant *El-o-win* (West).

Here they found food in abundance for all. The rivers gave them plenty of *la-pe-si* (trout). They found in the meadows sweet *ha-ker* (clover), and sour *yu-yu-yu-mah* (oxalis) for spring medicine, and sweet *toon-gy* and other edible roots in abundance. The trees and bushes yielded acorns, pine nuts, fruits and berries. In the forests were herds of *he-ker* (deer) and other animals, which gave meat for food and skins for clothing and beds. And here they lived and multiplied, and, as instructed by their medicine men, worshipped the Great Spirit which gave them life, and the sun which warmed and made them happy.

They also kept in memory the happy land of their forefathers. The story was told by the old people to the young, and they again told it to their children from generation to generation, and they all believed that after death their spirits would return to dwell forever in that distant country.

They prospered and built other towns outside of Ah-wah-nee, and became a great nation. They learned wisdom by experience and by observing how the Great Spirit taught the animals and insects to live, and they believed that their children could absorb the cunning of the wild creatures. And so the young son of their chieftain was made to sleep in the skins of the beaver and coyote, that he might grow wise in building, and keen of scent in following game. On some days he was fed with *la-pe-si* that he might become a good swimmer, and on other days the eggs of the great *to-tau-kon* (crane) were his food, that he might grow tall and keen of sight, and have a clear, ringing voice. He was also fed on the flesh of the *he-ker* that he might be fleet of foot, and on that of the great *yo-sem-i-te* (grizzly bear) to make him powerful in combat.

And the little boy grew up and became a great and wise chieftain, and he was also a rain wizard, and brought timely rains for the crops.



As was the custom in giving names to all Indians, his name was changed from time to time, as his character developed, until he was called Choo-too-se-ka, meaning the Supreme Good. His grand *o-chum* (house) was built at the base of the great rock called To-tau-kon-nu-la (El Capitan), because the great *is-tau-kons* made their nests and raised their young in a meadow at its summit, and their loud ringing cries resounded over the whole Valley.

As the moons and snows passed, this great rock and all the great rocky walls around the Valley grew in height, and the hills became high mountains.

After a time Choo-too-se-ka built himself a great palace *o-chum* on the summit of the rock To-tau-kon-nu-la, and had his great chair of state a little west of his palace, where on all festival occasions he could overlook and talk to the great multitude below; and the remains of this chair are still to be seen.

Choo-too-se-ka was then named To-tau-kon-nu-la, because he had built his *o-chum* on the summit of the great rock and taken the place of the *to-tau-kons*. He had no wife, but all the women served him in his domestic needs, as he was their great chief, and his wishes were paramount. The many valuable donations which he received from his people at the great annual festivals made him wealthy beyond all personal wants, and he gave freely to the needy.

One day, while standing on the top of the great dome (Sentinel Dome) above the south wall of the Valley, watching the great herds of deer, he saw some strange people approaching, bearing heavy burdens. They were fairer of skin, and their clothing was different from that of his people, and when they drew near he asked them who they were and whence they came.

And a woman replied, "I am Tis-sa-ack, and these are some of my people. We come from *cat-tan chu-much* (far South). I have heard of your great wisdom and goodness, and have come to see you and your people. We bring you presents of many fine baskets, and beads of many colors, as tokens of our friendship. When we have rested and seen your people and beautiful valley we will return to our home."

To-tau-kon-nu-la was much pleased with his fair visitor, and built a large *o-chum* for her and her companions on the summit of the great

dome at the east end of the Valley (Half Dome), and this dome still retains her name.

And she tarried there and taught the women of Ah-wah-nee how to make the beautiful baskets which they still make at the present day; and To-tau-kon-nu-la visited her daily, and became charmed with her loveliness, and wanted her to remain and be his wife, but she denied him, saying, "I must return to my people," and, when he still persisted, she left her *o-chum* in the night and was never seen again. And the love-stricken chieftain forgot his people, and went in search of her, and they waited many moons for his return and mourned his long absence, but they never saw him more.

This was the beginning of a series of calamities which nearly destroyed the great tribe of Ah-wah-nee-chees. First a great drouth prevailed, and the crops failed, and the streams of water dried up. The deer went wild and wandered away. Then a dark cloud of smoke arose in the East and obscured the sun, so that it gave no heat, and many of the people perished from cold and hunger. Then the earth shook terribly and groaned with great pain, and enormous rocks fell from the walls around Ah-wah-nee. The great dome called Tis-sa-ack was burst asunder, and half of it fell into the Valley. A fire burst out of the earth in the East, and the *ca-lah* (snow) on the sky mountains was changed to water, which flowed down and formed the Lake Ah-wei-yah (Mirror Lake). And all the streams were filled to overflowing, and still the waters rose, and there was a great flood, so that a large part of the Valley became a lake, and many persons were drowned.

After a time the Great Spirit took pity on his children, and the dark cloud of smoke disappeared, the sun warmed the Valley again into new life, and the few people who were left had plenty of food once more.

Many moons afterwards there appeared on the face of the great rock To-tau-kon-nu-la the figure of a man in a flowing robe, and with one hand extended toward the West, in which direction he appears to be traveling. This figure was interpreted to be the picture of the great lost Chieftain, indicating that he had gone to the "happy hunting grounds" of his ancestors, and it is looked upon with great veneration and awe by the few Indians still living in Yosemite.

At about the same time the face of the beautiful Tis-sa-ack appeared on the great flat side of the dome which bears her name, and the Indians recognized her by the way in which her dark hair was cut straight across her forehead and fell down at the sides, which was then considered among the Yosemitees as the acme of feminine beauty, and is so regarded to this day.

\* Reprinted, with the author's permission, from his *The Indians of Yosemite Valley*.

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### PERSONAL NOTES OF THE CONVENTION

O. B. JOYFUL

Superintendent of Schools, Podunk

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Superintendent Underwood, of Humboldt county, did not fit his name. His appearance rather suggested tall timber.

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Superintendent Lulu E. White, of Shasta county, was a little dark, having recently enjoyed a camping trip.

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There were two kinds of cars at the convention, though neither would carry passengers. The first was an Imperial Carr that seemed to have stood many trips over the desert without running dry. The other Carr was of more recent origin and came from San Pedro. We believe the good saint will be well pleased with his new Carr (1909 model).

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Superintendent Walker, of Tulare county, insisted upon riding over the trails.

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Superintendent Wilson, of Eldorado, was by no means the classic shadow depicted by Poe.

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Superintendent Kaufmann, of Pomona, resents being considered a one-lunger, and declares that he had nothing to do with naming himself.

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As the city superintendent of Los Angeles was on a visit to the City of Mexico, we saw less of Moore than we expected.

The air in the valley was quite dry, but it did not compare with some of the discussions.

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Superintendent Chaney, of Glenn county, did not look as mournful as his residence at Willows might seem to imply.

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Strange to relate, Superintendent Cree, of Riverside county, has blue eyes and brown hair. Perhaps he was changed in the cradle.

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The schools of San Mateo county are at present under a Cloud, and it is always Darke in San Luis Obispo county.

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San Benito county evidently has the wisdom to Garner the right sort of men.

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The city superintendent of Chico expressed his conviction that Yosemite Valley was a fine place for Campers.

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Appropriate is it not, that a son of David should control the destinies of Kings? Another of the same royal family rules a princely domain looking toward the sea.

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Although no liquors could be sold in the Valley, the Barr from Stockton was frequently surrounded by some of our most straight-laced superintendents (not all women either). There was no patronizing this Barr—everything was served free of charge.

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True to his ancestors, Superintendent Nelson from the well named town of Bakersfield, declared, "California expects every superintendent to do his duty."

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Who would have imagined that Grandpa Baldwin had so much noise in him! It is stated on good authority that the genial county superintendent of San Diego was the original of "Foxy Grandpa" of the comic supplements.

Now we know the whyfor of "Jackson's Napa Soda." She could not be persuaded to take anything stronger.

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There was Wright, right from Stockton, and Stockton, right from Kern.

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When Mrs. Hyatt went after the nicotines, there was nothing wanting in that hiatus.

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The superintendent of Tuolumne county (G. P. Morgan) came within one of being a great financier. He is no jay.

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Whatever our convictions as to the liquid which giveth its color in the cup, we all enjoyed Erlewine.

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When Superintendent Kilkenny, of Salinas, neatly exploded Dr. Burk's tabular and nebular hypothesis, it was a case of Greek meeting Greek. But both of these Greeks were born elsewhere.

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We envy the people of Santa Cruz county. They always have the Price.

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Superintendent Bateman, of Santa Clara county, wishes it distinctly understood that neither he nor his name has anything to do with bats, solid or liquid.

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We met Superintendent Freeman, of Sutter county, climbing the hill with Superintendent Bunker, of Berkeley. Quite a coincidence, was it not?

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We think it was really disrespectful to dub Superintendent McClymands "Half Dome." We should venerate the ancient landwarks.

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One interesting Fresno-San Francisco combination at the Valley was Lindsay-Woolsey. Nothing shoddy about it!

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PERSONAL NOTES OF THE CONVENTION

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Superintendent Graham, of Long Beach, gave the superintendents something to chew over, but it was not "the staff of life." We were afraid the smoke would never lift.

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We just wondered whether Superintendent Hamilton, of Pasadena, and Superintendent Alexander, of Sierra county, are in any way related.

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Several timid lady superintendents when ready for the return trip down to El Portal insisted upon going on the stage with Superintendent Wheelock, of Riverside.

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Superintendent O'Neill, of Nevada county, gets excited easily. Superintendent Linscott, of Santa Cruz, may be trusted to second the motion. When they get into action, the strike in Sweden seems far away and unimportant.

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Superintendent Shane, of Placer county, looks and talks like a preacher. Let it be said in extenuation that he can not help it.

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The only Sherriffs present at the convention made it a point to see that the superintendent from Plumas county complied with Uncle Sam's regulations.

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The schoolware of Monterey county is plainly labeled: "160 pounds Stirling."

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There were two fine red Woods in the Valley during the meeting. The older was of the patient variety indigenous to Sacramento, while the younger was of the slender variety with the lighter foliage, peculiar to the eastern shore of San Francisco bay.

# Gleanings

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## ELEMENTARY AND HIGH SCHOOLS

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The next meeting of the Teachers' Association of Northern California will be held at Red Bluff, October 26th-29th. President W. M. Mackay of the Chico High School is arranging a fine program. The principal speakers will be Hon. Webster Davis, Principal J. H. Francis of the Los Angeles Polytechnic High School and Dr. W. F. Snow, secretary of the State Board of Health.

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A school for forest rangers will commence its sessions at Hot Springs, Mono county, September 20th, and continue for a period of one month. This field school will be maintained by the government for the purpose of teaching representatives from each national forest in the State every phase of work which rangers may be called upon to perform. The pupils will live in tents erected in the midst of a heavy forest, where all the natural conditions of their work can be found. Their entire time will be devoted to instruction in the form of actual field demonstrations and lectures. The instructors will be men from the district headquarters in San Francisco, who are in charge of various lines of forest work, and their instructions will be supplemented by lectures delivered by the government officials sent from Washington for that purpose.

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Noel K. Garrison, principal of the Ukiah High School, has resigned to accept the principalship of the Merced High School, vice Mr. J. B. Hughes, who resigned to accept the principalship of the Oroville High School.

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F. O. Mower, principal of the San Andreas High School, has resigned to accept the principalship of the Ukiah High School.

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Frederick Wharff of Berkeley has accepted the principalship of the new high school at Weaverville, vice Mr. Netherton, who resigned to go into the insurance business.

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Leroy H. Stephens, who resigned from the principalship of the Concord High School, has been elected teacher of Latin in the Lowell High School, San Francisco.

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F. B. Wootten, principal of the Stockton High School, has resigned to go into business.

E. W. Locher, graduate of the University of California, with experience, has been elected to the principalship of the new High School at Williams, Colusa county.

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F. K. Jones, professor of Latin, Pacific College, at Newberg, Oregon, has just accepted the principalship of the San Jacinto High School.

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H. G. Clement, of Bridgton, Me., has been chosen principal of the Redlands High School. He will take the place left vacant by the promotion of Charles H. Covell to the city superintendency.

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B. C. Benner, who has just returned from Germany, has been elected as substitute in the San Jose High School. He will have charge of the classes in French and German.

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The Polytechnic Business College of Oakland has one of the most finely equipped plants in the State. This growing, hustling school requires the second, third and fourth floors of the fine large building at the corner of Twelfth and Harrison streets. Here the regular work common to business colleges is given. But the feature of the school which specially attracts the attention of the visitors is the machine shop a couple of blocks distant, where the students are given the practice as well as the theory of engineering. This shop is not solely a demonstration place. It makes contracts and turns out a genuine commercial product as truly as does the United Engineering Works. As soon as students acquire knowledge and skill sufficient to assist satisfactorily, they are paid for their services. It is the real thing. A good two-years' course in engineering, under competent instructors in both theory and practice is now open. For high school graduates, who can not spend four years at the university, as for boys who are obliged to leave high school before completing their course, this school opens up a splendid opportunity.

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Ansel S. Williams, teacher of history in the Stockton High for several years past, has been elected principal, vice Frank B. Wootten, resigned.

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R. W. Broecker, head of the language department of the Visalia High, has been elected principal of the Dos Palos High.



Charles I. Kerr, formerly of Los Angeles, has been elected to the principalship of the new high school at Le Grande, Merced county.

Frank A. Bacon, formerly principal at Rio Vista, Solano county, goes to the principalship of the Pleasanton schools.

On September 1st the Oakland Kindergarten Training Class moved to Room D in the old Commercial High School, Berkeley.

Gardner de Veuve, principal of the San Anselmo Grammar School, has been elected principal of the St. Helena Grammar School, vice C. Barham, resigned.

Duncan Stirling, county superintendent of Monterey, is a director and part owner of the *Salinas Daily Index*, the leading paper of Monterey county.

Henry Colestock from St. Matthew's Military Academy, Burlingame, goes to the principalship of the Fallbrook High School in San Diego county.

Valentin Buehner, for nine years head of the department of modern languages in the San Jose High School, has accepted a position as assistant professor of German and French in the College of Hawaii, the territorial college at Honolulu. Mr. Buehner was an active worker in the educational affairs of the State, having been secretary of the California Association of Teachers of German for a number of terms, and one of founders as well as the secretary of the High School Men's Clubs of Santa Clara county and of California.

Oakland is to the front with another move to make her schools truly serviceable. A plan has been evolved for the teaching of domestic science to all who may wish to attend the classes every Saturday morning at three of the city schools. At the Prescott School the course will include sewing, cooking and shop work; at the Garfield School and at the Durant School, the course will include simply cooking and shop work. The work is under the direction of F. R. Cauch, supervisor of manual training and domestic science.

## STATE NORMAL SCHOOLS

Miss Ednah A. Rich, president of the new normal school at Santa Barbara, becomes a member of the State Board of Education ex-officio. She is the first woman to be a member of our State Board. She took her seat at the recent meeting in San Francisco. She was welcomed by President Benjamin Ide Wheeler in a cordial address, to which Miss Rich made appropriate response.

The party of teachers who have been touring Europe this summer under the leadership of President Morris Elmer Dailey of the San Jose Normal School will be home in a few days. Letters from time to time have indicated that the trip has been a most enjoyable one.

Miss Alma Patterson of the San Francisco Normal has taken a year's leave of absence for the purpose of attending Columbia University.

In an address before the Superintendents' Convention at Yosemite, Miss Ednah A. Rich, president of the Santa Barbara Normal, outlined the plans and policies of the new school. She spoke of the growing demand for teachers of home economics, and said that to meet this demand the Santa Barbara Normal would centralize on manual arts and home economics. The students there will get their training under regular classroom conditions in the city schools of Santa Barbara. The new school meets an actual need, and honest, conscientious training will be given to all who attend.

The class of June, 1892, of the San Jose Normal will hold a reunion at the home of Miss Victorine Hartley, 2432 Webster street, Berkeley, on Friday, October 15th, at 8 p. m. All members of the class will please take notice and plan to attend.

## UNIVERSITIES OF THE STATE

The degree of Doctor of Science has been conferred upon Professor Jacques Loeb, of the University of California, by Cambridge University, England. It is an honor well bestowed.

The department of education of the University of California has arranged a course of lectures that will attract much attention. The lectures will be given on Thursday at 4 p. m. We append the circular of announcement.

### THE SCHOOLS OF CALIFORNIA

The purpose of this course is to promote familiarity with actual conditions and problems, and to further the unity of educational endeavor.

The first series of lectures will deal largely with the broader social and pedagogical aspects of school organization, administration, and supervision. The second will center about the high school and its place in the school system. The third and fourth will cover the organization and teaching of the studies constituting high school curricula, while the fifth and sixth will be devoted to elementary education, etc. As far as possible, all of these lectures will be given by men and women especially fitted by study and experience to discuss the topics of their choice.

The program for the first semester of 1909-1910 is as follows:

Sept. 10th, R. G. Boone—General Introduction: The Public's Interest in the School System.

Sept. 16th, Edward Hyatt—The Rural Schools of California.

Sept. 23d, J. W. McClymonds—Some Problems of City School Administration.

Sept. 30th, C. L. McLane—School Law and Its Influence on the Educational System.

Oct. 7th, G. L. Sackett—State Textbooks and Allied Problems.

Oct. 14th, F. F. Bunker—The Elimination of Educational Waste.

Oct. 21st, P. W. Kauffman—The School and the Public Library.

Oct. 28th, C. N. Shane—Aids to Professional Self Development.

Nov. 4th, E. M. Cox—Teachers' Associations and their Significance.

Nov. 11th, J. H. Templeton—The Course of Study for a City School System.

Nov. 18th, Mark Keppel—A More Efficient State School System.

Dec. 2d, E. P. Cubberley—The Problem of Supervision, with Special Reference to the Selection of Superintendents.

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The University of the Pacific opened on August 24th with a greatly increased enrollment. In fact the register now shows more students than have been in attendance at any one time during the last twenty years.

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Harold E. Reed, of Portland, Oregon, has been elected president of the Senior Class at Stanford University.

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On September 9th the ceremonies attending the formal affiliation of Cooper Medical College with Stanford University were carried out at Assembly Hall before a gathering of two thousand students and visitors. President David Starr Jordan introduced the speakers. The principal address of the occasion was made by Dr. H. A. Christian, Dean of Harvard Medical College. Dr. Gibbons, Jr., who has been prominently connected with the faculty of Cooper Medical College, delivered an address on behalf of that institution.

### OUTSIDE THE STATE

The heads of all universities, colleges and schools in which technical forestry is taught have been invited by Gifford Pinchot, United States Forester, to attend or send a representative to the conference on education in forestry which will be held in Washington in December. In his letter of invitation, the forester says: "I believe that a conference of representatives of all forest schools and universities and colleges in which forestry is taught might be made of great value to the general progress of forestry in the United States, as well as to the institutions which teach forestry, and to the forest service, which employs so many of their graduates, and which is vitally interested in the best training of foresters. Such a conference might well consider the objects and methods of forest instruction, the organization and standards of educational work in the field of forestry, the co-ordination of the work of different institutions, and the needs of the forest service and other employers of forest graduates."

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The New Orleans board of education has recently passed a rule prohibiting the employment of married women as teachers.

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William B. Owen, dean of the Chicago University High School, has been elected principal of the Chicago Normal School, vice Mrs. Ella Flogg Young, who resigned to accept the city superintendency of Chicago.

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Professor Thomas P. Bailey, of the University of Mississippi, succeeds I. C. McNeill in the superintendency of Memphis, Tenn. Professor Bailey was for a time in the department of education at the University of California.

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The principals of the high schools in Cincinnati have been provided with clerks to take care of the routine office work. Better supervision will result.

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The Interstate Commerce Commission has ruled that children attending school shall pay the same railroad fare as do other children of the same age.

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The finance committee of the board of education of New York has voted an increase in the salaries of women teachers in the grades. The proposed increase will amount to nearly \$6,000,000. It is to be hoped that this increase will be approved by the city board of estimate.

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Columbia University has made Fred R. Beygrau professor of stenography, the first professor of stenography in the universities of the United States.

Professor Harry B. Hutchins, dean of the law school of Michigan University, has been chosen acting head of the university for one year, vice President James B. Angel, resigned.

One hundred and seventy-seven cities of over five thousand population are maintaining playgrounds this year.—*Journal of Education*.

There are one hundred and one cities in the United States with school savings banks, and on January 1, 1909, there was due depositors \$759,646. Since 1885 these American school savings banks have had deposits aggregating \$4,419,454.—*Journal of Education*.

Chicago University enrolled nearly three thousand students for the summer session.

The so-called "garb law" of Pennsylvania, prohibiting public school teachers from wearing the dress or insignia of religious orders, has been held constitutional.

Chicago has fixed three thousand dollars as the maximum salaries for the principals of elementary schools.

After an investigation of more than eight hundred cases of boys and young men, the Massachusetts commission on industrial and technical education has reported upon the comparative weekly wages of those trained in the shops and those who had been trained in technical schools, with the following results:

Age	AVERAGE WAGE OF BOYS	
	Trained in Shops	Trained in Technical Schools
14.....	\$ 4.00.....	.....
15.....	4.50.....	.....
16.....	5.00.....	.....
17.....	6.00.....	.....
18.....	6.00.....	\$10.00
19.....	6.50.....	11.75
20.....	9.50.....	15.00
21.....	9.50.....	16.00
22.....	11.50.....	20.00
23.....	11.75.....	21.00
24.....	12.00.....	23.00
25.....	12.75.....	31.00

—*School Board Journal*.

# DIRECTORY OF THE SUPERINTENDENTS OF CALIFORNIA

## CITY SUPERINTENDENTS OF SCHOOLS

CITY	COUNTY	NAME
Alameda	Alameda	Will C. Wood
Berkeley	Alameda	Frank F. Bunker
Bakersfield	Kern	D. W. Nelson
Chico	Butte	Chas. H. Camper
Eureka	Humboldt	D. L. Thornbury
Fresno	Fresno	C. L. McLane
Grass Valley	Nevada	J. S. Hennessey
Long Beach	Los Angeles	J. D. Graham
Los Angeles	Los Angeles	E. C. Moore
Martsville	Yuba	E. T. Manwell
Oakland	Alameda	J. W. McClymonds
Palo Alto	Santa Clara	J. C. Templeton
Pasadena	Los Angeles	A. L. Hamilton
Pomona	Los Angeles	P. W. Kauffman
Redlands	San Bernardino	Charles H. Covell
Richmond	Contra Costa	W. T. Helms
Riverside	Riverside	A. N. Wheelock
Sacramento	Sacramento	O. W. Erlewine
Salinas	Monterey	L. F. Kilkenney
San Bernardino	San Bernardino	F. W. Conrad
San Buenaventura	Ventura	R. B. Haydock
San Diego	San Diego	Duncan MacKinnon
San Jose	Santa Clara	Alex Sherriffs
San Luis Obispo	San Luis Obispo	H. F. Pinnell
San Pedro	Los Angeles	Grant Karr
San Rafael	Marin	E. Morris Cox
Santa Ana	Orange	J. A. Cranston
Santa Barbara	Santa Barbara	A. E. Fultz
Santa Cruz	Santa Cruz	J. W. Linscott
Santa Monica	Los Angeles	Horace M. Rebok
Santa Rosa	Sonoma	A. C. Barker
Stockton	San Joaquin	Jas. A. Barr

## COUNTY SUPERINTENDENTS OF SCHOOLS

COUNTY	NAME	ADDRESS
Alameda	Geo. W. Frick	Oakland
Alpine	Mrs. E. A. Grover	Markleeville
Amador	W. H. Greenhalgh	Jackson
Butte	Mrs. Minnie Abrams	Oroville
Calaveras	Frank Wells	San Andreas
Colusa	Lillie L. Laugenour	Colusa
Contra Costa	W. H. Hanlon	Martinez
Del Norte	Mrs. A. M. Laduron	Crescent City
El Dorado	S. B. Wilson	Placerville
Fresno	E. W. Lindsay	Fresno
Glenn	S. M. Chaney	Willows
Humboldt	George Underwood	Eureka
Imperial	J. E. Carr	El Centro
Inyo	Mrs. M. A. Clarke	Bishop
Kern	Robert L. Stockton	Bakersfield
Kings	Mrs. N. E. Davidson	Hanford
Lake	Hettie Irwin	Lakeport
Lassen	W. B. Philliber	Susanville
Los Angeles	Mark Keppel	Los Angeles
Madera	Estelle Bagnelle	Madera
Marin	James Davidson	San Rafael
Mariposa	Julia L. Jones	Mariposa
Mendocino	L. W. Babcock	Ukiah
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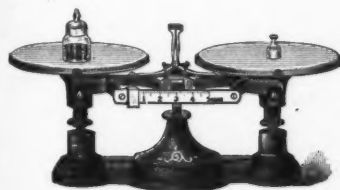
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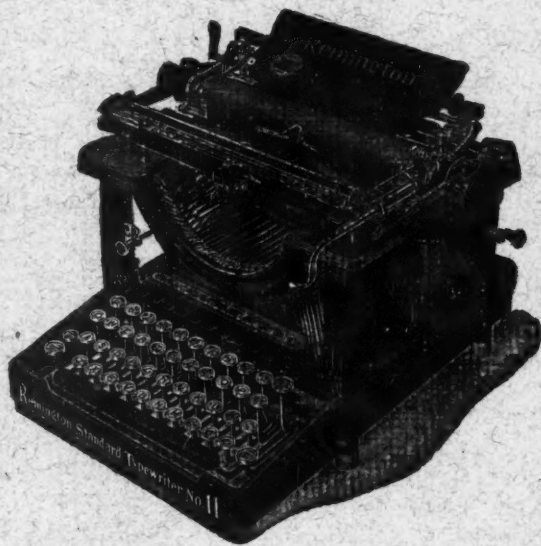
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